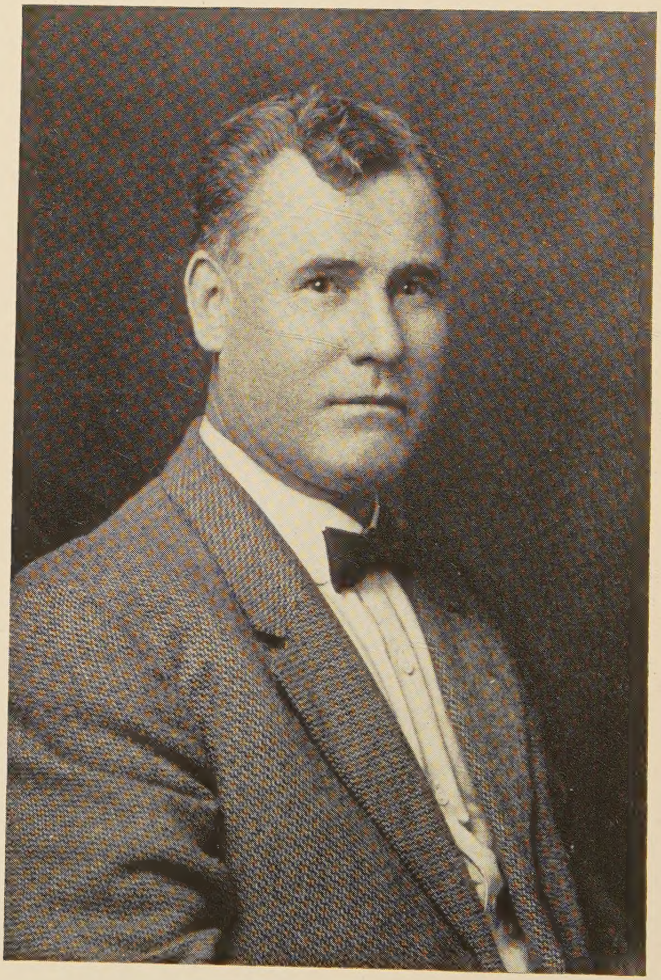
NEATH ALIEN SKIES



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POEMS AND BLANK VERSE

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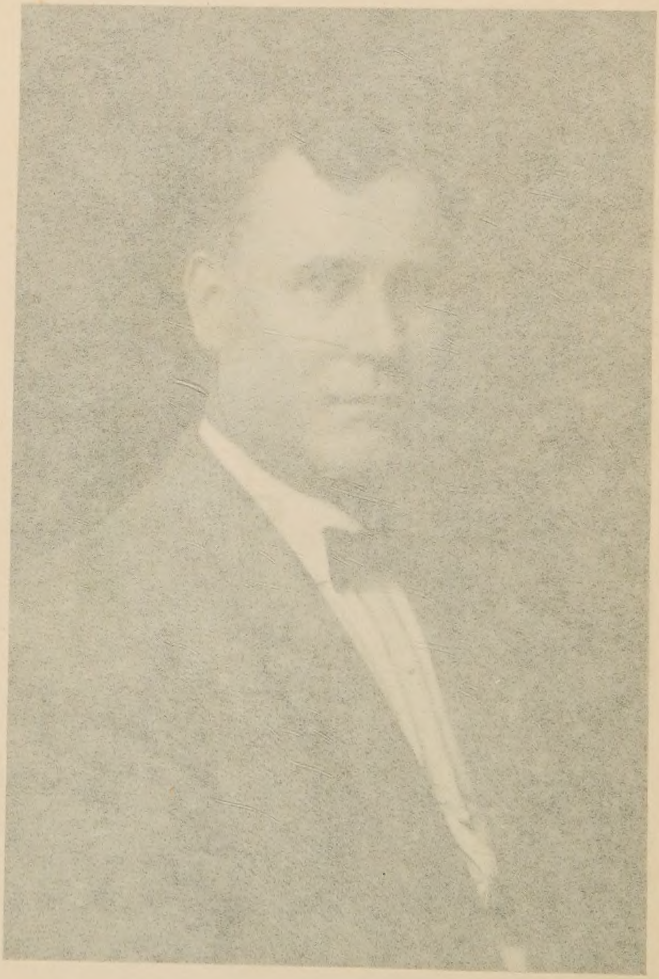

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THEODORE MORGAN

To
My Beloved Daughter Lottie

Arranged and Printed by the
Goerck Art Press
925 Sixth Avenue, New York City

Preface

DEAR friend, these verses were written without much regard to the exact laws of versification, so their faults may be many.

They were written largely under the spell of the moment, on my travels about the world.

Twice circling the globe, visiting remote countries and islands. As far north as Spitzbergen and Iceland in the east; the Yukon country to Nome, Alaska, in the west, and Australia, New Zealand, and Capetown, Africa, in the south.

Many of the verses were written on the sea, some on lonely islands, and in the interior of Africa. It seemed to me that a short statement as to where and

under what conditions and circumstances they were written might add interest.

How often when reading the lines of some loved poet, we wish we knew what inspired them. How much closer such knowledge would bring us to both poem and poet.

And now, dear friends, the penning of these lines has been a pleasure and solace to me in many a lonely hour. Should their perusal afford some slight pleasure to you, then am I again pleased, and content.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE MORGAN.

Sharon, Pa., U. S. A.

Poems

Within

IS in the heart and eye that beauty liveth,
And not so much in that which we behold,
So harmony and peace we find within us,
They grow from seeds of love within the soul.

Look not afar to satisfy thy longings
The powers within thee wheresoe'er ye go
Only let it free to spread its sunshine,
Then to full fruition will it grow.

Lifting thee above thy griefs and troubles,
Attracting all that's good and sweet and pure,
Making light of all thy heavy burdens,
And teaching thee in patience to endure.

Written on steamer "Susie," on the Yukon River, Alaska, going from White Horse to Dawson.

MY PRAYER.

Written on board a little pearling lugger, anchored off Thursday Island, where I spent several weeks among the pearl divers. My crew were Captain "Dick," a Fijian with only one eye, a big, kindly old chap and a splendid sailor man. Two New Guinea men, almost nude, with sticks in their noses and ears, their thick, wooly hair bleached a dead brown with lime and plant juices, certainly ferocious looking savages, but good-natured, laughing children in manner. Also two Malays, silent, agile little chaps; and my boy Oli of Arab and Malay blood, who understood and spoke some English. Oli kept the cabin clean and prepared my food. All of my crew were as much at home in the water as on the land or deck of the lugger.

My Prayer

H let me steal away in solitude
To some fair spot, midst nature's peace,
Where ruggedness and beauty be,
With wind and wave, those children of the sea,
And bid all troubles cease.

Let me but escape from sordid ways, where man,
Merciless doth war against his kind,
Each day more fierce the strife and heavier the blows.
Ruthless; trampling even unto death the weak, the blind—no pity shows.
Forging the fetters that his soul doth bind.

Apart, with vistas vast outreaching far,
With unrestricted light where I may dwell,
Far from that strangely cruel thing humanity;
And its mad rush of uncurbed license titled liberty,
Making life a hell.

Aloof, yet feeling, and on the darkened verge,
Contrition; and in pity let me pray,
And penitence; that thou good God above
Quench hate, and teach us how to love,
Oh Lord, the better way.

LOVE.

Written on the Island of Borneo after two weeks spent on the rivers in a native prau, shooting crocodiles. Capt. De Vong, a Dutch sea captain, and myself, had six Dyacks paddle us about on the Barito river and its tributaries. We lived and slept in the prau, a native canoe, about thirty feet long, a graceful, pretty boat, high at the ends like a Venetian gondola. There was a matting roof, which protected us from the sun, over a raised floor 'midships, where we slept. The boat was made of a close-grained black wood like ebony, and so dense it would sink quickly in water.

Tired, stiff, homesick and half ill, I stopped short in a bath in the river one morning, sat down on a log and wrote this poem in my note book. Monkeys chattering in the thick jungle above and behind me; the Dyacks gossiping in the prau, and on the shore around me; crocodiles flapping out of the river just below, and the Captain still sleeping soundly in the prau.

Love

IS not in distant lands, midst wondrous scenes,
'Neath alien skies,
Nor on the mountain's top, nor in the vale
That true contentment lies.

Nor on the sea, nor in the busy marts of trade,
That happiness is won.
Nor in thy solitude, nor gatherings gay,
That peace doth come.

Nor in the gilded halls of wealth, or fragrant fields
Of dewey green.
Nor in the welling tide of day, or solemn hush of night,
When thou dost dream.

Nor in success that piles up gold
Or bringeth power,
That raiseth thee above thy kind,
A passing hour.

Then what and where? Thy yearning cry.
Stoop low. Soundless from above
To thee thine answer comes,
Dear one—Love.

To Ruth

Muskegon, Mich., Jan. 21, 1904.

HY natal day, dear Ruth, it doth
our souls impress.
Six cycles of thy sweet young
life complete,
Six childish, happy years, no
touch of woe or grief;
With love our spirits circle thee,
dear child, in mute caress.

Thy spirit doth encompass us around,
Grateful as the shade of summer's cloud,
As with life's burdens low we're bowed,
It brings us peace and gladness, deep, profound.

Midst arctic snows, or tropics' sultry heat,
Where ere life's fateful stream didst float our bark,
In joy's sweet sunlight, or where our ways seemed
dark,
Fond memory stirred our heart, thy memory sweet.

No deeper debt we owe to thee, great God of Love,
Than this, a debt of gratitude, that doth our be-
ings fill,
And cause our souls, with love and hope, to thrill,
The boon, the gift, of angels from above.

May time deal gently with thee, little one,
And may thy ways be paths of good and peace,
And when thy work is done, thy labors cease,
Receive reward of virtue, and of duty done.

Written to our granddaughter, Ruth
King, on her sixth birthday.

Jane Mary

HE sleeps; the lisping tongue is stilled.
No more those tiny, pattering feet thy silent meditations doth disturb.
No more that childish voice, in joy or woe, upon thine ear doth fall.
In peace she sleeps, bright eyes now closed,
Like setting suns that sink below the hills and leave an afterglow,
The rose-hue on her cheeks.
Those dewy eyes, that into thine didst gaze in confidence,
Or innocent reproach, that shamed thee of thy threats of punishment.
Now in her dreams, the zephyrs of her rhythmic breath
Doth waft her to enchanted lands
Until another day hath dawned,
And brings to us again, like morning flowers,
Fragrant with the breath of love,
Our blue-eyed baby Jane.

To our baby granddaughter after an unusually naughty day.

JIST A-LISTENIN'.

Written after an evening spent in the shade of the vine-covered porch of our little cabin on the outskirts of Miami, Florida. Here Minnie, my daughter, Ruth and Beryl, her children, and I spent the winter. We had sat for hours enjoying the music of the wonderful bird life around us, and the hum of bees and insects. I rose from bed, as I could not sleep, and wrote this poem.

Jist A-Listenin'

LL about de cabin vines am twinin',
Dey shade de spot whar sits ma old arm chair,
De perfume of de flowers am all aroun' me,
An' de voices of ma friends am everywhere.

The hummin' bird's among the honeysuckles,
I heah the dronin' music of his wings,
An' now I ketch a glimpse of his bright colors,
Sippin' sweetness from the flow'r whar he clings.

I see the butterfly a-flutterin' in de clover,
De bees am gatherin' honey from de rose;
De little brook am tinklin' its sweet music,
A-singin' and a-laffin' as it goes.

I heah de birds a-singin' in the treetops,
I see dem hoppin' 'bout among the leaves,
I heah the robin callin' to his sweetheart,
Her answerin' notes come soft upon the breeze.

I heah the handsome bluejay loud a-talkin',
I see him cock one side his pretty haid,
As he comes a-hoppin' closer, kind-a curious,
A-callin' all the time so loud and brave.

De mockin' bird is in among de bushes,
A-carrolin' his wondrouus, tuneful lay,
Imitatin' all the bird creation,
In ripplin' notes of music, loud an' gay.

De red bird seemin' jealous of his rival,
A-flashin' through de woods his coat of flame,
Takes up de song in loud an' joyous chorus,
As if he'd beat his mockin' friend's refrain.

Way down in ma heart I hear de singin',
Up dar where de angels be,
When I listen, I can hear a voice among 'em,
Dat once did sing for me.

Now dat's the way it's bin since ah remember,
I 'spect it's bin that way a millyon yeahs,
So what's de use of us a-bein' mournful,
What's de use of us a-sheddin' tears?

I don't believe de good Lord wants it nohow,
Dat we should tote a load o' grief an' care,
So I'se a-gwine to tote a load of kindness,
An' mix a little love among ma prayers.

Smile

HEN you're feeling sad and lonely
And all the world seems drear,
And you shrink from life's fierce struggle,
Feeling naught but dread and fear.

Just remember there are others
Straining up life's weary hill,
With faces drawn and weakened,
Yet moving onward still.

Sudden, something joyous flashes on you,
Like a wayward beam of light
Or a jeweled star of heaven,
Bursting through deep clouds at night.

You don't just yet quite grasp it,
It dawns upon you in a while,
'Twas but a face that passed you
But a face wreathed with a smile.

Then, for the sake of others,
As well as for your own,
Wear a smile upon your features,
Give your voice a softer tone.

Seemingly 'tis but a trifle,
Truth, 'tis God's greatest gift,
And while uplifting others,
It will yourself uplift.

Written on meeting a friendly, smiling face after a particularly trying day. Muskegon, Mich.

A TROPIC NIGHT.

Written on the evening of April 7th, 1908, after sitting in the garden of the Myrtle Bank Hotel on the edge of the waters of Kingston Harbor, Jamaica. One of those wondrous balmy tropical nights of this beauteous land. The sun had set in a glory of color and up into the faint afterglow the great full moon rose solemn and grand, right out of the sea. The waters of the bay were strangely full of phosphorescence. Every tiny wave was tipped with fire. Fish moving thro' the water left a trail of light. Water dipped up in the hand was molten metal in the hollowed palm, each drop as it fell, splashing into a myriad of tiny sparks. Silence over all save the faint music from the ball and the murmur of happy voices of those enjoying the dance.

A Tropic Night

SIT upon the peaceful, dusky shore,
Illumined by the full moon's misty ray,
And hear afar in faint and muffled roar,
The surf upon the rocks far o'er the bay.

So soft and indistinct unto mine ear,
Like fairy seas that murmur in pink shells,
Lulling me to dreams, wherein I hear
Those golden seas that roll where angels dwell.

The waving palms sweep graceful cross the sky
And cast their living shadows at my feet,
The breezes kiss the waters as they fly,
And zephyrs fan my grateful, tired cheek.

Twinkling lights doth dot the waters breast,
And ship bells toll the passing hour,
Aflame with phosphorence, wavelet crests
Speed swift to lume some gentle mermaid's bower.

The silence oft is broken with a splash,
As high from out the waters wildly leap,
Some tiny flashing things that madly dash,
To escape some dreaded monster of the deep.

The boatman's oar now steadily disturbs
The stillness reigning so profound,
And glinting in the light his sweeping curves,
Doth scatter phospher fire all around.

Now sifting through the trees comes music, soft and sweet,
And from the brilliant windows laughter swells,
Faint, the stir of rythmic moving feet,
Of gay and romping dance the story tells.

This wondrous scene, this witching hour,
Carries me in fancy far away
To those I love, whom God's kind, loving power
Doth hold, whilst I in distant lands do stray.

Roses and Thorns

S the sands of life through the glass run down,
And we wearily shrink from the thoughtless frown,
To meet a congenial soul on the path,
Who comes with a smile, and leaves us a laugh,
Is like a bright sunbeam from a dark sky,
That breaks through the storm that is passing by,
Or like crystal waters to a thirsty soul,
That out from the rock of sincerity roll,
Filling with sweetness the dusty way,
And lining the path with foliage gay,
Giving us shade, secluded and cool,
Where we may lie in the grass by the pool;
Gilding with hope the clouds of our night,
Renewing our strength to continue the fight.
Then, sweetheart, let's sing in the joy of the race,
With love in our hearts and a smile on our face,
Then these meetings and partings that touch us each day,
That are but the roses and thorns in life's way,
Will mayhap leave a fragrance, that may never depart,
Be a help and a sweet mem'ry to some sinking heart.

Written in a ladies' album at sea, on way from Colombo, Ceylon, to Aden, Arabia.

Who Will be the Judge

WHO will be the judge,
Should wavering footsteps fail
Attainment of the heights,
Should endeavor not avail?

'Tis not what we attain
But what within us lies,
Only that with faith we've striven
'Tis that brings us the prize.

The smiles, the joys, the tears,
The struggles fierce, the strife,
The slavery of the years,
To make success of life.

Yet you have not lived in vain,
Though wealth may not be thine,
If some poor heart you've eased of pain,
You have touched success divine.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 10, 1905.

Love Don't Worry

ON'T worry, the sun is only just as bright
As our poor eyes may stand the light,
The skys are only just as blue,
As our own spirit paints them true,
Our life is just as full of love,
As we absorb from up above.

Thy fount of joy is only full,
When to others thou art bountiful,
The rivers of peace but overflow,
To those whom hate doth overgrow,
Our blessings? Those that we deserve,
Most bounteous when we others serve.

Then bear thyself with lowliness,
Imbue thy soul with loveliness,
Thyself surround with atmosphere,
Of sympathy and goodly cheer.
Nor sigh, nor sorrow, shed no tear,
From out thy heart all doubts dispel,
Be unafraid, all will be well.

When a Good Ship Sails Away

HERE'S ever a note of sadness
When a good ship goes to sea;
And wistful are the faces
That are smiling on the quay;

A sort of mist does gather
Before the eyes of us,
And an answering tear is shining,
In those eyes of tenderness.
There's a tremor in that brave good-bye,
In those steps that turn away,
And a prayer in that last faint sigh,
That asks God to speed us on our way.

Written at sea on Steamer Adolph Woerman, Capetown, Africa, to Europe, July 10, 1909.

A Song of the Sea

HE paling face of the dying day,
Chased by the night is fading away,
While the afterglow with her beauteous light,
Paints the waves in the path of night,
First rosy, then purple, blue, and gray,
Slowly lingering, then fading away.
The new moon with its crescent faint,
In the darkening dome grows radiant,
And the stars that shone coy thro' the twilight sky,
Now laugh and twinkle merrily,
While the warm night breeze comes fanning our cheek,
Balmy breath of the salt sea sweet.
Ah! way off there is a steamer's' light,
There she signals across the night.
See the sudden brilliant flash,
And our ship answering, dot and dash,
"All's well," and "All's well," she answers again,
And both move on o'er the pathless main,
Nothing but water and ship and sky,
One so deep, the other so high,
But somewhere out there in that vastness grand,
There's One we know holds us in his hand,
So peaceful we go to our sleep and rest,
Full of the trust that He knows best,
That when His time comes he'll home his sheep,
Whether ashore or on the deep.

Written at sea, on the Indian Ocean, from Ceylon to Aden, Arabia, in a letter to my daughter Lottie.

To Jennie

H, I'd love to be on the old farm
to-day,
'Neath the shade of the big
elm tree,
That leans far out o'er the old
roadway;
Hear its leaves whisper wel-
come to me.

To sit at its foot, on the grass-cushioned knoll,
And drink in the health of the morn,
While the senses delight in the scent and sight
Of sweet clover and waving corn.

I'd love to lie on the mossy sward,
In the old orchard, shaded and clear,
And list to the chirp of the fluttering birds
And the murmur of voices dear.

To the cheep of the chicks, like little round puffs
Of snow-white wool they seem,
The cluck, cluck, of the old mother hen;
As I lie in the grass and dream.

Of the twilight's soft haze, the moon over head,
Of the hand clasp, in silent caress,
As we strolled down the path, by the side of the road,
Then back to the old tree to rest.

While the stars, one by one, would come peeping
forth,
And the night spirits round us would throng,
While the soft fragrant air of the night would fill
With their hum of sweet musical song.

Dream of those summer days, now past and gone,
Of that voice I shall hear never more,
Of those eyes full of love that gazed into mine,
Of the smile that sweet face ever wore.

Oh my heart longs for these with a longing so deep,
That the tears quiver forth in despair,
And I gaze through their mist, to the azure above,
To glimpse her sweet spirit up there.

Yet 'tis sweet thus to dream of the beauteous past,
Of those days with love's joys gilded bright,
And to trust that the future will bring us again,
Bright days that knoweth no night.

The old Farm, at New Castle, Indiana.

The Past

S on the years now gone, we
mindful dwell
Upon their joys and sorrows
tranquil dream,
Within our soul we feel that it
is well,
Our joys stay brightest, our
sorrows softer seem;
The darkest clouds no longer
shadows cast,
Most poignant pain, no longer leaves a pang,
The best that came we find are those that last,
We only hear the silver bells that rang,
Music of sweet voices once most dear,
Echoes from dim vistas of the past,
Come back in tender cadence to our ear
Like last faint strains of music that has passed.

Written on the occasion of a return to our old home.

Immortality

HE work is o'er. Life's fateful stream flows on.
Thro' filtring years, calm crystal clear, twixt banks of fading green,
Russet and red, peopled with song birds,
Whose music sweet, the senses soothe.
Whilst our bark now frail with age, floats swiftly and more swiftly on,
Toward the vast ocean of eternity,
Where, upon its bosom, mingled with its waters,
The myriads gone before, float unheeding,
There shalt we remain, until the will of omnipotence,
Touches in some new being that psychic something, Life.
And we mayhap once more go wondering forth,
Into the teeming world, again to wander thro' its maze;
While memories faint, of having been before, come to us as we pass.
Of such is immortality, cycles of heredity, all bound in Love.
The never dying, the ever luminous, which men call God.

Written one evening after a talk with my loved and honored old friend, Dr. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa.

JAMAICA.

Port Royal, now an English naval station, was once a noted rendezvous of West Indian buccaneer, and pirate bold. Long ago an earthquate destroyed the town. Debris of wrecked buildings can still be seen in the bottom of the sea. Story tells there is yet a bell down there that in storm is tolled by the waves.

Near Port Royal, on a thin spit of sand, is Gallows Point. Here the last of the buccaneers were hanged. A guant, weather-beaten old man—said to be a direct descendant of a buccaneer—pointing with tremulous hand across the water, quaveringly directed us to the place, repeating, "There's nothing to see; there's nothing there to see."

With some difficulty we found the spot. Walled in by a dense, tangled growth of mangroves, floored with sand, gravel and shells, like a mosaic. The stump of the gibbet still sticking up out of the sand. A dank, oozy odor was in the heavy air. From a shallow pool rose a mist, in fantastic shapes, that one could easily imagine as wraiths of departed pirates haunting the gloom. My two black boatmen lent a touch of piratical reality to the scene. Roderick, scowling under a red

bandanna knotted around his wooly head. Reginald in ragged shirt, and a battered old hat that might have been washed up by the sea, both barelegged to the knees.

The sun was setting as we again headed for Kingston. The water glassy smooth, a mirror of rose and gold from the glowing sky. A school of porpoise played fearlessly around us; we could hear them breathe as they came to the surface.

Sitting thus in a dugout canoe, gliding over that golden sea, these verses were penned.

Jamaica

AMAICA, land of fruit and flowers,
Of balmy airs and langurous lazy hours,
I love thee, and I love thy legends old,
Thine ancient lore of buccaneer and pirate bold.

I love thy moonlit nights, their cool and peace,
Their tropics fragrance, on which my senses feast,
To rest upon thy shores, careless, fancy free,
And dream that fairy wings thro' space are wafting me.

To dream that I'm afloat o'er some far, golden sea
And drifting, ever drifting onward lazily,
Until our ariel pilot finds an enchanted isle
And leaves us there in love and peace life's hours to beguile.

So Mote it Be

HAT e'er the hidden future hath
for me in store,
The course is fixed, tho' veiled
from me.
Should kindly fate swing wide
good fortune's door,
And all fruition spread boun-
tiful before,
Or tho' I wander broken, weary,
and foot sore,
So mote it be. I bow to Thee.

Thy will, not mine, Thou knowest best.
What ray of light thou may'st vouchsafe to me,
How heavy be the load, severe the test,
The toil unceasing slight the rest,
Tho' joys fall lightly, and sorrows load my breast,
So must it be. I bow to Thee.

Let time speed on until life's tide
Shall flow into the darkness of eternity,
My path lies so, I shall not turn aside.
Let me, o'er hate and strife, help throw love's
mantle wide.
Strive on! in patience thy good time abide.
So mote it be. I humbly bow to Thee.

Written at Darjeeling, India.

Our Other Self

THE little child that in us hidden lies,
And in the dark doth reach out for a hand to hold,
And finding none, in terror and surprise
Begins within his heart to feel the cold.

'Tis but a wisp of cloud that's driven by,
But stronger now, and more chill grows the wind.
Pale and shaken, with a sigh,
He breasts the storm and seeks the path to find.

'Twas all a dream—'tis vanished in despond.
The hand of love is gone; it is no longer there;
And all the fickle world is changed as with a wand,
And now he knows of sorrow and of care.

THE MEN OF PANAMA.

Written at Panama, Christmas day, 1908, after spending three weeks on the isthmus, seeing the digging of the great canal. It certainly made one feel proud of being an American to see with what amazing energy, efficiency and success this stupendous work was being done. I had a strong desire to take some part in the work, so with a letter of introduction from a friend to Major Siebert, in charge of the work at Gatun Dam and the locks, I obtained the privilege of going freely about the work. I had the pleasure of driving a work train locomotive from Colon to Gatun. At Gatun I "bossed" a gang of Jamaica blacks for a short time, in the absence of the regular foreman, and helped an engineer strike some levels.

The Man of Panama

HANGING the ways of nature,
undoing the work of time,
With hammer and drill, and
strong man's will.
Performing a task sublime.

Oh, the wild joy of the doing,
one only desire—achieve,
No other reward, for toil so
hard,
Does he care for or long to receive.

Striving but to accomplish, careless of gold or of
fame,
"I want to make good, as any man should,
And I don't care a d——n for the name."

The growl and grind of the shovels, the moan of the
cylinders' pain,
As they tear at the rocks, with thunderous shocks,
Just so many yards gained.

The wail of the work train's whistle, complaining
groans of its wheels,
Then away with the load, that under the goad,
The tossing giants yields.

All to the touch of a finger, obedient to just one
thought,
Of the master mind, whose depths defined,
The plans these powers wrot.

Digging the grave of ambition, to be buried deep in
the sea,
But out of that grave doth a monument raise,
That shall stand to eternity.

Then strike ye, tired workers, ye kings of toil un-
crowned,
For high on the walls of posterity's halls
Emblazoned thy names shall be found.

To Minnie

UT from mine aura flowing wide,
A subtle something radiates.
I know that thou dost feel its tide,
Welling unto thee thro' space,
Thro' the ether spreads its wave,
Vibrates to thy soul in tune,
On thy heart strings thrills a stave,
Like unto an ancient rune.
'Tis affection's mystic sweep,
Bodied in a loving thought.
Feel it tho' thou wake or sleep,
Miracle sweet love hath wrot.

Mombassa, Africa, June 3, 1909.

To Mabel

AY life pass gently with thee, sweetheart,
And garlands of content e'en deck thy brow.
Peace and plenty ever nestle at thy fireside;
Be all thy future joyous as 'tis now.

Simple be thy ways and all thy longings;
With simple things and thots be satisfied,
Thy heart with tenderness be ever flowing,
And patiently endure when cares betide.

Comes back to us in life, that which we giveth,
So ever give love's kindly sympathy,
Then hate and envy ne'er thy soul will grieveth,
And love and friendship e'en will bide with thee.

To my daughter, on the eve of her marriage.

Just to Live

LIFE, a part, yet thro' it all a
a sweet, strange spell,
And happy be, dream-like, in
which we dwell,
Unstirred by that in which we
move,
Fast clinging to that spirit mood
That moves us only with a joy
whose deeps,
Unfathomable, not to be reached
Until we pass the portals of a walled gate,
That shelters love, and shuts out hate.
There to grow into ethereal state,
That makes us pure and fit to mate
With angels. To sit cloud-garbed,
In spirit state. The crown bright starred,
In fullest peace and harmony,
With all of glory and infinity.

Written at St. Petersburg, Russia, after hearing the wonderful singing of the monks in one of the monasteries.

Life and Death

HE passing of a night, and then
the day,
Morning, noon and eve, a little
lingering by the way.
A little joy, a little work, a little
pain,
Then the call, and night again.
We sleep and wake into a newer
light,
Of radiant splendor, when no
more of night
Is known, and all the cosmos high doth raise
In music of the spheres, paens of praise.
To the All Power that guides and keeps in place
The great unknown that fills all space.

Written one beautiful night in Tosari, Java, after a trip to the great Bromo volcano. While on the edge of the crater, we could see five other volcanoes, all smoking.

'Tis What We Are

HAT we appear doth not with us depend,
But what we are, depends upon ourselves;
And where our footsteps lead, where we doth wend,
Brings us to that we seek, or else repels.

Fortune is not in time, nor place, nor things,
But good or bad, is in man's self alone;
'Tis only when the metal's true, and rightly rings,
We find the best and sweetest of life's tones.

Written in Buluwayo, Africa, after a visit to the lonely tomb of Cecil Rhodes.

Our Youth and Age

H wondrous days, when all the ways
Of life, were laid in paths of lightness,
Youth's fairy times, when all the lines
Of every picture, shown in vivid brightness.
When laughter bubbled, and aught that troubled
Brought tears that quickly dried,
Those times now olden, when all was golden,
And the long path stretched before us all untried.

How bravely didst we travel, eager to unravel
All of mystery the future held in store.
How boldly faced we danger, to fear our hearts a stranger,
Striving hard to pass thro' fate's forbidding door.
Mingling joys and sorrows, heedless of the morrows,
Pursuing e'en where fortune's path might lead,
Ever striving, never resting, never tiring in the questing,
Boldly searching with a fire in word and deed.

And now the years are mellow, with autumn's sere and yellow,
Yet softer grow the tints that light the way's
With age the wine is sweeter, and the picture colors deeper,
Like a landscape when the sunset o'er it plays.
Yes, the night is gently falling, and I hear a strange, sad calling,
Come! here you find the ending of the quest.
Yes? Well, I am a-weary, and the path is not so cheery,
'Tis well, I am content, and fain would rest.

Written in Burma, coming down the Irrawaddy River from Mandalay to Rangoon, March 20, 1909.

Bread on The Waters

T times thru life some souls we meet
To whom thru that unknown
In tenderness we're strangely drawn,
And love them as our own.

And what we give comes back to us
And oft in life's deep pain
The love that flowed unto these friends
Streams gently back again.

In silent sympathy sincere
We feel its subtle power,
And thus unconscious we receive
Strength in the weak, sad hour.

Thus, dear friend, my love to thee
Effortless goes forth,
How sweet it doth come back to me
A thousand times more worth.

And all my being is sustained
When thou dost think of me,
And prisoned in fond memories cage
Thou shalt ever bide with me.

Written at Nairobe, Africa, on meeting a friend who came from near my home.

To August Ulm

OOD luck, August, good luck and
good-bye;
May the clouds of misfortune
ne'er darken thy sky.
The cry of distress will ne'er
reach thee in vain,
For thy sympathies fall like a
warm summer's rain.
May thy pockets be lined with
unstinted gold;
Compassion and charity thy heart ever hold.
May thy heart find its treasure, thyself reach the
goal.
The future long life and contentment unroll;
May hate never touch thee, and love at thy call,
Like a mantle unsullied over thee fall.
Thy friends ever with thee, thy foes fade away,
Like night shadows fleeing at dawning of day.
May the winds of peace gently fill full the sails
Of thy bark as she sweeps before good fortune's
gales.
With all this and more may God kindly bless,
And when His good time comes, give thee peace
and rest.

To my friend August Ulm, whom I met in Africa, big game hunter, gold prospector and South Sea Islands trader. We had pleasant days together and parted with regret; he back to the South Sea Islands, and I for Capetown.

To Thee

HEN thou art gone, and flowers bloom upon thy breast,
And o'er thee the white stone erect we stand,
Upon it we'll inscribe that here doth rest
One who in life didst love his fellow man;
Who had a heart of sympathy for sorrow's tears;
Who helpful tried to be to those cast down;
Who sought sincerely to assuage their griefs and fears,
And ever offered smiles instead of frowns.
Might I but leave this earth with such a name,
A crowning glory rich indeed 'twould be.
Naught doth I crave more splendid than such fame,
Leave so sweet memory a living after me.

The Old Songs

OME, sing to me the old songs,
Their tender melody
Awakes forgotten moments
That sleep in memory.

How each brings back a picture,
Limned soft and lovingly,
With all life's fading colors,
In one sweet harmony.

They bring back scenes of childhood,
The old home far away;
And touch us deep with gladness,
As again old games we play.

As our fancy dwells upon them,
Faint the echoes seem,
Coming thro' the years' long distance,
The music of a dream.

A sad, strange longing fills me,
Stirred by their sweet refrain,
And tears well to mine eyelids;
My heart cannot restrain.

Yes, sing to me the old songs;
Let them thrill me once again,
And tho' they bring a heartache,
A joy is in the pain.

Written on hearing the sweet old song, "My Old Kentucky Home," on steamer going from Sydney, Australia, to Aukland, New Zealand.

VICTORIA FALLS.

A little spring at the foot of a rock, in the heart of an African jungle, is the beginning of the great Zambesi river. A mining engineer I met at Victoria Falls said he had been at the source of the river and drank at the spring.

About the middle of the continent the river, here more than a mile wide, plunges into an abyss nearly five hundred feet deep.

The stupendous Victoria Falls!

The chasm into which the waters fall, is a narrow crack in an ancient lava bed; across it in places one might cast a stone. Standing on its verge, the scene is one of wondrous beauty and grandeur. Rainbows everywhere. Whirling mists burst with cyclonic fury up from the wild abyss, roll in a a gigantic cloud overhead and fall in torrents of rain. The thundrous uproar is stunning. Earth and air tremble with the awful impact. In the rays of the rising and setting sun, the great mist cloud often becomes a mass of gorgeous iridescent flame. There is a strange fascination in the sight that appals, yet grips and holds one.

My visit was vividly impressed upon me by a narrow escape from going over the falls. Not knowing there was danger, I visited Livingstone Island,

on the edge of the falls, in the flood season. In trying to leave the island, we lost control of our canoe. The falls were not more than two hundred feet away. We swept down upon them with frightful velocity. It was impossible to do anything with the paddles. The Kaffir boys with a shout sprang overboard into the rushing water, luckily here only waist deep. With an effort, they held the canoe, and finally dragged us back to the rock from which we had started. Twice this occurred before we got safely away, and out of the pull of the current.

Written at Victoria Falls, Africa,

Victoria Falls

MIST, a dewdrop, in a jungle's heart
Crystal springs from out a rock,
A shaded pool, a winding brook,
A noble river's sweep.
Rainbows aflame o'er a yawning gulf
Where mad, wild waters leap
With thrice tenthousand thunders,
Earth and air a-tremble with the shock;
No tongue can tell, no eye full see,
Thy depths of dread sublimity,
Nor pen describe, nor mind conceive,
Thy strange stupendous majesty.
A million eons gone since thou began,
And millions more shalt thou flow on,
Till time and man shall be no more,
And thou alone with God endure.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

Written after a visit to a sailing ship at San Pedro, California.

The vessel had come 'round the Horn from Nova Scotia. The Captain fell ill and the command had largely fallen upon his wife, who had made the voyage with him. Faced with a mutiny, and much stormy weather, yet the ship had come safely to port.

She was proud of the part she had played, and was glad to have been with him.

She then told of the years that, with sad heart, she had seen his ship sail away on many long voyages. Of the many months of anxious waiting for his return.

The Sailor's Wife

OUT of the dusk now falling on the sea,
Faint from the distance thro' the dark'ning night,
The soft winds bring my call to me,
Across the billows glimmering white.
Far off, there, o'er the waters pale,
Where sea birds wing their lonely flight,
To shelter seek from lowering gale,
My loved ones sail passed from my sight,
Away to a strange foreign shore,
Far from our sheltering rock bound bay,
He's gone. I shall not see him more,
For many a weary long, long day.
In storm or calm upon the wave,
They lay their course by sun and star;
I pray Thee from all harm to save,
And bring him back from lands afar.
Grant favoring winds unto their sail,
Nor let the angry seas overwhelm;
Oh, let thine unseen power prevail,
Thy clement hand direct the helm;
But bring him back, kind Lord, to me;
I grateful humbly beg of Thee.

The Ocean

I love the gray old Ocean;
Its spell weaves strange emotions.
How they linger, a beloved memory,
To feel the rhythmic rocking,
Hear wind voices jeering, mocking,
As they chase upon the tempest in mad glee.

As we race onward swinging,
We seem to hear the singing
Of joyous spirits floating in the air.
And our hearts are full with gladness,
Tempered too, with touch of sadness,
As we feel the awful vastness of out there.

Oh, the music of the storming,
The lightning's flash of warning,
The thunders solemn roll across the sky.
Rain drops driving, dashing,
All aloft the salt spray splashing,
As we swoop into the depths and soar on high.

Or when in calm we sit a-dreaming,
Glimpsing sun gilt, gaily gleaming,
Smiling from the wave tips as they rise,
Like happy maidens throwing
Kisses bright and glowing,
We see again the love light of thine eyes.

Written at sea, going from Hong-Kong, China, down to Manilla.

The Great God Success

HEAP of gold; and in the balance swings
Honor, pride, lost manhood and respect.
And there, a picture of despair, in sombre pall of discontent
With longings unappeased, their owner.
And this men call success, and bow and cringe and truckle to
And in mad frenzy to attain, do barter all that is of worth.
Steep their souls in guilt, and throttle Love,
And her sweet sister, Mercy.
In the scale of life, can untold gold against these weigh?
This success? It is a fruit that e'er full ripe
Hath shriveled on its stem, bitter, rotten at the core.
Fruition, fitting of the soil from which it comes,
And of a husbandry that doth dishonor sow,
To reap a harvest of disgrace and pain.
What doth man gain, if in the game of life
He millions win, YET LOSE HIMSELF?

Inspired by reading the book with above title.

Requiem

YE, lay the old gray head to rest;
The last bar he has crossed.
No more upon life's stormy seas
Shall his brave bark be tossed.

No more amidst wild warring winds,
On heaving decks he'll stand;
No more above the tempest's roar
Ring loud his stern command.

No more with pride on threatening wave
Will laugh the winds to scorn;
Defy with heart and courage calm,
The thunders of the storm.

Yes, lay him on the sea girt shore,
Where the billows break and foam,
And the winds sing low across his bed,
While the beacon lights him home.

To an old sea captain whose ship was wrecked as he was trying to run into the Columbia River, Oregon. We were fighting our way in through the storm, on the steamer "George Elder." We could see the vessel on the rocks. Next day the white-haired captain, seventy-five years old, was found on the sand, washed up by the sea. His ship had been blown off hundreds of miles, and after weeks of struggle he at last got in sight of land again, only to be lost with all on board.

Fate

ITTLE they know of life, who cannot guess
The secret springs of loneliness.
Of they whose loves, like summer flowers,
Have come and gone. Empty bowers
The only trace. Their fragrance fled
And but the rustle of leaves dead
Remain.

Some hold invisible their grief
Masked by a smile, beneath
Which they hide from curious eyes
The poignancy, that oh, so slowly dies,
And at a breath doth rise to life again.
A brand, by every vagrant wind, fanned to a flame
With added pain.

Shut off from all their kind, no thrill
Of loving sympathy can fill
The aching void. They live apart,
And silent smile with saddened heart.
But list ye sorrowing ones, heart hungry still,
Chide not, bear up and bend thy will,
For this is fate.

It seemeth such a hard necessity
That such should be the lot of all humanity,
That we must take the gift of life,
And wander through the darkness and the bitter strife,
But following the night comes day,
And death but opens the bright way,
Through Heaven's gates.

Written in Capetown, Africa.

We were under the shelter of an island, covered with palm trees and immense ferns, on the coast of Madagascar. As the sun was setting the red moon appeared, a great globe on the horizon, veiled in a thin, misty cloud. Sun and moon in sight, together with the rich coloring of the sky, made one of the most beautiful scenes it had ever been our good fortune to see. Only once have we seen anything like it; in Yellowstone Park, with the moon rising through the trees, and shining on Yellowstone Lake.

Afar

T anchor safely sheltered in the harbor
Of far off Madagascar's mystic land;
Palm trees shadowed clear upon the sky line,
And murmur of the surf is on the strand.

The veiled moon lights the slumbrous waters,
And gentle is the swelling of the sea;
The brooding stillness of the eventide around us
Doth turn my yearning fancies unto thee.

My soul attune is vibrant to thy message,
The music of thy voices doth I hear,
Thrilling on my heart in soundless sweetness,
That tells me that my dear ones now art near.

What care we for time or space that part us?
To us there's naught of distance or of time;
Thro' universal love our spirits mingle,
And thus to-night I'm with thee, children mine.

Why

IFE? A spark from the dark of
a mysterious past;
A breath and 'tis gone.
A moment of time, a step in the
gloom, over the verge and
eternity.
The lamp is alight; life flares
up, the oil is gone and
darkness.
How small the part of man in the infinity of nature.
Falling waters that thunder from the heights,
The storming winds, the tempest and the raging sea,
The unfailing tides, the force of gravity,
The rush of Earth circling the blazing sun, with all
the other planets and their satellites,
The sun itself flaming on its course,
The whirl of all the innumerable suns in the starlit
sky,
And all their planets, invisible, in their train,
With dead and dying worlds; all hurling on.
Yea, the awful endless sweep of all the universe,
atoms lost in illimitable space.
Yet all in the hand of Omnipotence.
How infinitely trifling the whole of human life to
these,
Filled with its apprehensions and its ills,
And over it all that ever-shrinking pitiful dread
Of the inevitable change called death.
Yes! Why?

Christmas Eve

HRISTMAS Eve and the snow fast falling
Out from the night the past is calling;
And our being thrills to the song that is gone.
Far into lost years fond memory is flying
With the joys and the tears of the year now dying;
And my soul is filled with the song that is gone.

Tranquil I dream by the fire dim glowing,
Unheeding the winds 'cross the wild night blowing,
Content that peace with the morrow will come,
Tho' the day is now ending, and darkness descending;
Yet into the dark his guide stars he's sending
To lantern us home when the work is done.

Friendship Land

GIVE me a home in friendship land,
Where man and nature smile;
Where the sun of kindness warmly glows
In hearts that are free from guile.

Where joy comes back to the soul that is sad,
And hope paints in brighter hue,
And we look and feel that, after all,
There's something in life that's true.

That the roses bloom and the birds sweet song,
Is for you as well as for me;
And that somehow it's going to be best for us all;
And one day we'll know and see.

Written at Los Angeles, California.

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